

Cosy Sheridan

"ROADFOOD"

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I've eaten everything in reach of the front driver's seat
but there's more in the back of the car
I'd have to lose a little time to make those Doritos mine
I've tried, I can't reach that far
With your mouth in constant motion, your eyes will
remain open
You get fat, but you're awake when you get home

There's a banana behind the back seat
I bought it sometime late last week
the expiration date don't bother me tonight
Driving must be drug, things ground into the rug
start to look like they might taste all right
When your stomach is distended, all thoughts of sleep
have ended
You get fat, but you're awake when you get home

And you'll find it is incredible
the things you'll find edible
on late night cross country drives
You are a victim of suggestion
Your very bored digestion says One More Bite
will keep you alive

I haven't eaten in a mile, there must be something in
this pile
of bags of food I picked up along the way
Strapped into your seat, you're just a steering wheel
that eats
and you forget you'll have to walk again one day
Sit for thirteen hours, your stomach gets empowered
Your mouth in constant motion, your eyes will remain
open
You get fat, but you're awake when you get home

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